

Duty Calls

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Summary: Michael and Jon are your everyday Combine Elites. Until the mission they complete leads to something bigger. When they receive promotions, their lives change. For better or worse. OC!

1. Duty Calls

****This is my first attempt at a HL2 fic. I hope I do well, please review. No flames please, just constructive criticism or praise ĩ•Š. Lets begin, shall we? All these characters are made up, btw.****

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****Chapter 1: Duty Calls****

Michael Lloyd sighed shakily, his golden locks ruffled up under his faceplate. He ducked quickly to the side and rolled a few meters away. A man with a green cap and a Black Mesa logo on his arm fired his USP at him.

Michael seethed as he felt pain jolt up his leg and held his AR2 (Pulse Rifle) up to the rebel. He fired away rapidly, at least 9 bullets penetrating the man's chest and stomach regions.

Michael got up slowly, his head starting to ache. Unknown to him, a man dressed in all black clothing snuck up behind him, a single-edged knife in his hand looking for it's next prey.

Fortunately for the newly promoted Combine Elite captain, one of his squadmates came out from the dark and penetrated the assassin's head with a shard of long glass. Michael turned around swiftly, but lowered his gun when he saw that it was his friend " Jon Laten.

"Hey, Mike, watch your back. I cant be savin' the captain's butt all day now, can I?" The 26 year old man chuckled, while the other 27

year old man glared.

"Shut up, Jon. Let's finish this mission off so that I can show you I deserve to be a captain," the blonde-haired man replied smugly. The other man merely smirked.

They jumped over a low brick wall that was almost destroyed from an RPG blast. Guns blazing, they rushed out, bullets whizzing left and right. They lifted their AR2 rifles and shot out deadly dark energy bullets, each one finding it's mark. The 6 rebels fell easily, holes penetrating through their skin.

Michael nodded approvingly and continued running ahead towards a small helicopter that was supposed to be their way out. Michael jumped in the front while Jon sat in the back, and the helicopter flew out of the rebel base quickly. Jon looked out the window, and in a matter of seconds, the entire warehouse and base walls were up in fire.

"Dirty Combine tactics. Still got 'em, eh Mikey?" the younger man joked. Michael just looked back at him and grinned, nodding.

In a few hours, they arrived at City 17. The whole city was spitting light from all over. It seemed it was on lockdown, and they were looking for an escapee or anti-citizen. Michael sighed.

"Just like the old daysâ€¦ It's occasional when you see the city on lockdown," Michael murmured, Jon nodding his own head solemnly. Michael sighed, pulling the helicopter down onto a small platform where two Civil Protection officers greeted them. He saluted them and continued on to the mission control room, where he would give the mission details.

Jon sighed sleepily as he lay down on his bed, still excited but wearied. The Benefactor Council had awarded the two greatly. The warehouse they blew up happened to be one of the biggest safehouses for the rebels. They were promoted to the GH0.

The Genesis: Hidden Operations.

This was a great addition to Michael's recent promotion to Combine Elite Captain. He would now be a second-in-command in the squad Foxtrot, a Combine Assassin/Sleeper Agent team.

Jon, however, was in the same squad but a sniper. He had the same authority as Michael, and they were going to have many new missions that were risky.

'_No worries, I suppose,' _Jon thought, snickering to himself. They could handle a few missions.

Little did he know, this would be a big change to his and Michael's life.

2. Hidden Ops

â€¦ **Nobody's reviewing, lol. I just want to thank my ONLY REVIEWER.

Please review people, or I will stop writing due to lack of reviews. Anyway, on with the story.**

****Chapter Two: Hidden Ops****

Michael grinned at Jon, who was grinning as well. They were on their way to the Genesis: Hidden Operations headquarters in Nova Prospekt. They were dressed in special clothing, the fancy type. Since they were going to their GHO ceremonies, they were given special uniforms.

These uniforms consisted of black silk pants, black formal dressing shoes, a white button down tucked inside their pants, and a black formal jacket over it. Michael wore a black hat, the ones you would see English men wearing on special occasions, while Jon wore one similar but gray in color over his black hair.

They were at the footsteps of the large building, the letters G:HO on the front. They strolled through the executive yet Combine looking doors and were led to the Ceremonial Hall. In the hall were about ten people dressed in almost the same clothing as the two, all of them sitting at a large table facing the door.

They all examined the new operatives with interest, most of them impressed with what they saw. The man in the center stood, and the two men stood as well at the front of the table.

The G:HO executive held up a handbook that was supposedly an operative's way of life from here on out. First, Michael took a step up and placed his right hand on it, his left hand raised.

"Ahâ€¦ Unit 65391â€¦ Michael Lloyd, do you swear to uphold all Universal Union policies, all Genesis rules, and fulfill your duties as one of the highest ranking operatives whole-heartedly?" the executive inquired loudly and smoothly, so that all could hear.

Michael smirked in response and said in an equally loud voice, "I solemnly swear that I will obey my superior commanders and the Benefactors. On my deathbed shall I be relieved of my duties as an operative for the Universal Union."

The executive nodded, and Jon stepped up. The oath was repeated yet again, and Jon gave his answer, which was the same as Michael's.

"Very well. From today onward, you, Michael Lloyd, and Jon Laten, shall be renowned as official Universal Union Genesis: Hidden Operation units. Congratulations." All the executives stood up and shook hands with the two men. They nodded and returned to their Combine-styled dormitory type rooms.

"Finally! We are now one of the big people! We are now two of the most successful and most renowned units, and we kick ass!" Jon shouted and grinned. Michael grinned back, raising his hand up in the air.

"Toâ€¦ a new life. Now, we are to improve ourselves, Jon. No more

kidding around, it's going to be hardcore training and hardcore missions." He smirked and added, "Sure you can handle it?"

Jon glared back in response, but smirked as well. "Your damn right, Mikey."

They pulled each other into a hug, patting the other on the back at the same time. "You better be there for me, when my ass is in trouble," Jon said quietly. Michael nodded solemnly and sighed.

End
file.